

PS

3523

.E75K5

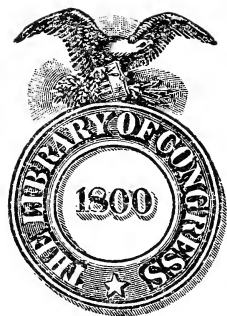
1914

KINGDOM of HOME

1870

OTHER POEMS

Lynn Lott



Class \_\_\_\_\_

Book \_\_\_\_\_

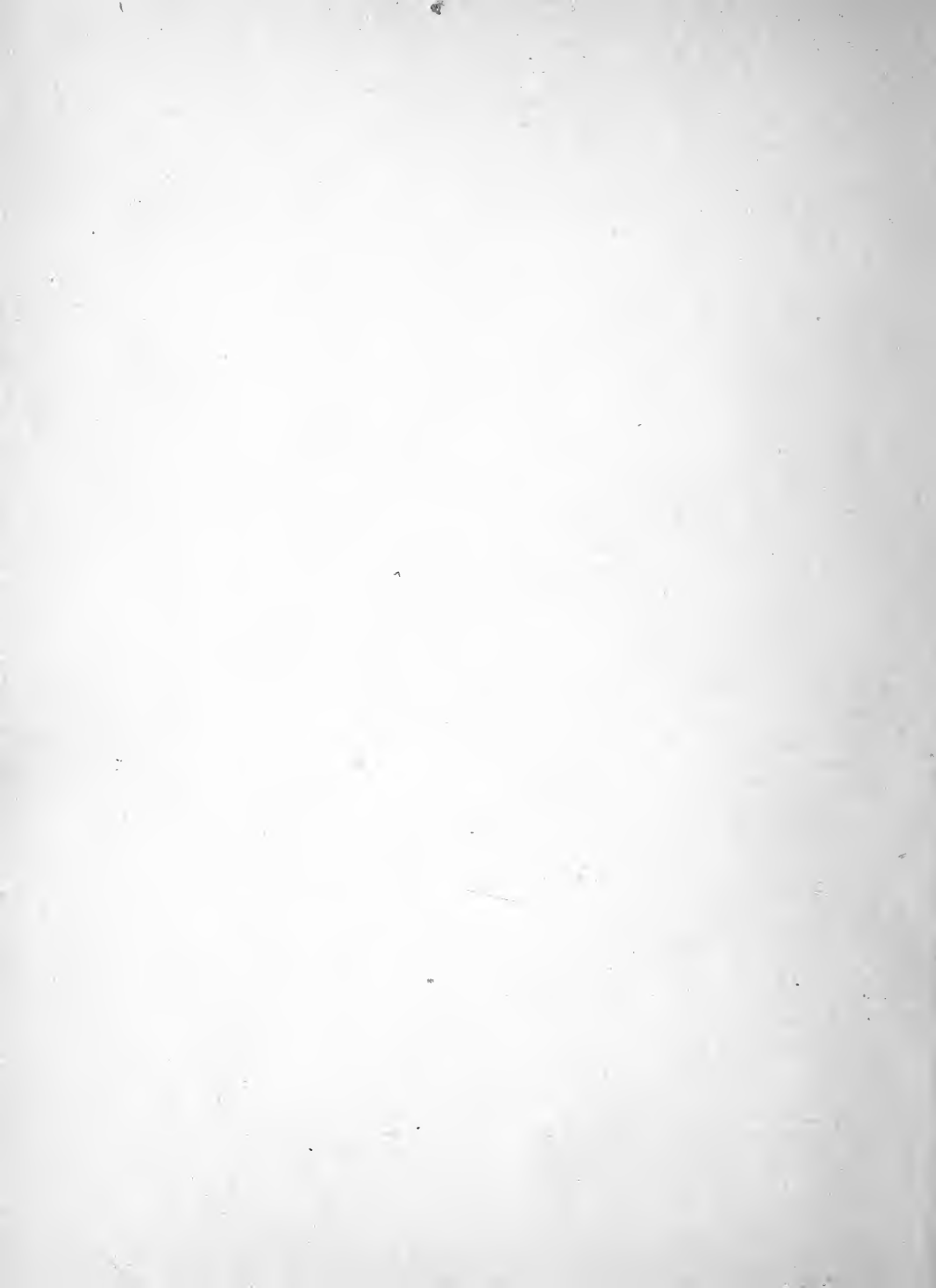
Copyright N<sup>o</sup>. \_\_\_\_\_

**COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.**















The  
Kingdom of Home  
and  
Other Poems

By  
Lyon LeRoy



Francis R. Romack,  
Publisher  
Baxter Springs, Kansas.  
1914

TS 3523

E75K5

1914

Copyright 1914

By Lyon Le Roy.

APR -6 1914

*P. 50*

©CIA369761

*20,*

manuscript, 21. 18

## PREFACE

---

I will liken the pilgrim who should happen to peruse these common-place rimes to a friend to whom a political opponent gave a campaign cigar.

He strolled around the block, smoking meanwhile; again his opponent met him and throwing up his hands with a gasp exclaimed:

“What! Still alive?”



## CONTENTS

---

The Kingdom of Home.	7
Love and its Wages.	10
On Our Judgement of Other Men.	11
The Christian.	14
One Star.	18
The Cynic.	20
Three Bells.	23
Our Book-keeper's Reflections.	26
Sleep.	31
The Wakenda.	40
Sampson and Delilah.	41
Two Doctors.	44
Washington's Monument.	50
To Sybil.	57
Sybil Kissed Me.	59
Tomorrow.	61
A Piece of Advice.	65
George Sands.	69
An Aspiration.	70
Day after Election.	72
Brother Jonathan to Kansas City.	73
The Gray has Conquered Now.	77
My Comrade.	83
Thanksgiving Idyl.	86



## The Kingdom of Home.

Weary of wandering all the world over,  
The wayfarer sighed for a haven of rest;  
Some realm on the earth he longed to discover  
Where mortals with peace and contentment  
are blessed.

Then a voice he heard saying in accents alluring:  
Love is a monarch whose sceptre is truth,  
Whose Kingdom is Home, whose reign is enduring,  
And his subjects enjoy perpetual youth.  
No storm clouds may lower, no wild tempests roar,  
But the spirit of peace—with hovering wing—  
Broods with delight o'er the beautiful shore,  
In the Kingdom of Home where Love is the King.

Around their bright altars his angels are singing  
The song of the ages that never is old,  
While the bells of their temples are joyfully ringing  
A rapturous welcome to their happy fold—  
Rest here, ye wanderer, roam again never,  
Rest in the arms that the King opens wide,  
Lulled by his sweet refrain—ever and ever—  
Man bears no blemish that love will not hide.  
Here, in the fullness of anticipation,  
Care hath no power nor sorrow a sting,  
Where all earthly pangs find sweet consolation  
In the Kingdom of Home where Love is the  
King.



'Tis a dear talisman that ever shall bind thee

Where sweet wife and children in purity dwell,  
No fancy can paint the joys that shall find thee

Beneath the weird power of its magical spell;  
Oh! Life, happy life where love is forever

Enshrined in the hearts of the good and the  
true,

Time cannot corrode nor circumstance sever

The golden like chain that binds me to you;  
Thy trust shall not fail, no longer bewail thee,

While the King and his angels in melody sing  
Always to rest the woes that assail thee,

In the Kingdom of Home where Love is the  
King.

## Love and Its Wages.

Across an arid, barren, broad domain,  
I saw one thirsty drag his dubious way,  
Suffering had stamped the impress of her sway  
Upon his brow in wrinkled lines of pain.  
Around, beyond, with earnest wistful strain  
His eyes were cast for water to allay  
The fiend within, clamoring for its prey.  
He staggered to a bank of shaded sands,  
And there a few drops, trickling slow he found,  
The which he gathered in his scooped hands,  
So thought to drink, when a distressful sound  
Smote on his ear and stayed his own demands;  
He looked and saw a fellow-pilgrim, bound,  
Famished and fainting, stretched upon the  
ground;  
Himself forgot, the traveler ran  
And gave it to the the dying man,  
Then turned to gather, yet again,  
The few scant drops that might remain;  
When lo! a spring had burst its bands  
And bubbled o'er the burning sands;  
For him the cooling waters pour  
A living stream forever more.

## On Our Judgement of Other Men.

Who shall judge a man of manners,  
Rate him by his speech and dress;  
Princes, heralded with banners,  
Oft are fit for something less.  
Cotton coat, with labor rusted,  
Often clothes the golden ore;  
Satin robes, with jewels crusted,  
Certainly can do no more.

God, who counts by souls, for payment,  
Asks but love from you and me,  
While He values velvet raiment  
But as pebbles on the lea.

There's the bubble-jeweled fountain,  
There's the weed-embroidered rill,  
There's the shining snow-crowned mountain  
And the autumn-painted hill.  
Princes' gardens bloom with roses,  
Daisies fleck the trackless plain,  
While impartial love disposes  
Unto both his sun and rain.

God, who counts by souls, not graces,  
Souls, whatever their degree,  
Reckons honors, titles, places,  
But as pebbles on the lea.

Men are one in thought and feeling,  
One by heritage and blood,  
All by equal right appealing  
To the Fatherhood of God.  
There's a love sure and all-heeding,  
All-capacious, wise, and fit,  
Inward for the smallest needing,  
Outward to the infinite;

So, He counts by souls, not manners,  
Loves and cares for you and me,  
Counts the princes' shining banners  
But as pebbles on the lea.

## The Christian.

Oh! Thou, my Father, when Thy summons bid  
Me come to Thee, may I, obedient  
As a trusting child, give mine into Thy hand,  
And thus be led into a better land.

Thus paused a pilgrim once to pray,  
Unmindful of his fellow's scorn,  
His path beset with clod and thorn;  
Then steadily pursued his way.

Among his kind's distressful needs,  
He sought to make his presence blest,  
To suffering souls a welcome guest,  
With gentle words and kindly deeds.

He glanced into a crowded street,  
Where, even as he passed along,  
He saw one fall beneath the throng,  
Trampled and bruised by cruel feet,

He held that careless crowd at bay,  
He bore the bruised to safer ground,  
A healing balm poured on his wound,  
Then sent him strengthened on his way.

And one poor human soul he found,  
Where loathsome vapors thickly curled,  
Forgotten by a thoughtless world,  
In suffering helpless darkness bound.

He softly smoothed that dying bed,  
He gently purged the poisoned air;  
He told her of a dwelling where  
No tears of wretchedness are shed.

He bade her kiss a chastening rod,  
While yet remained a single breath;  
She heard, and wept, and smiled as death  
Despatched her trusting soul to God.



Sometimes another's load he bore,  
And oft another's shivering form  
Was sheltered from the pelting storm  
With robes the kindly pilgrim wore.

Thus he essayed in love and grief,  
To ease the pangs of mortal woe,  
While summer sun departing slow  
Gave place to autumn's falling leaf.

Then winter with a quiet hand  
Sprinkled her frost upon his head;  
And then his Father gently led  
The pilgrim to a "better land."

## The Star That Shines For Me.

Among the shining isles of light,  
That gem the ocean of the sky,  
There's one more beautiful and bright  
Than those that all around it lie.

Chorus—

O! Star divine, eternal light,  
Thou Heaven's brightest diadem,  
Forever, and forever bright,  
Thou blessed Star of Bethlehem.

With perfect beams that never wane  
Where'er thy dwelling place may be  
On moiling earth or troubled main  
There is the Star that shines for me.

(Chorus)

I count not weariness nor care.

My rest and peace are all in thee,

My blessed guide, so bright and fair

The Star that shines, that shines for me.

(Chorus)

Through stormy clouds and calm repose,

Thy constant beams doth clearly shine,

While purer on my vision grows

Thy glory, that is all divine.

(Chorus)

Whate'er betide I'll not despair

Nor doubt thy sweet fidelity,

But evermore while life may wear

I'll trust the Star that shines for me.

(Chorus)

## The Cynic.

This life is but a tug to live,  
A breathless gasp for breath;  
A restless rushing after rest,  
A deathless dread of death.

A greedy grasp for golden gain,  
A stint and starve to save,  
A toilsome struggle after fame,  
A triumph, and—a grave.

There sits the pampered heir of pride,  
While lands and bonds increase;  
His days are days of luxury,  
His nights are nights of ease.

Here labor plods its weary task  
To still the cry of want,  
While ever grinning at its side  
Stands famine grim and gaunt.

Yes, "God is good," but thinly clad  
Goes virtue all the same,  
While vice arrayed in purple robes,  
Revels in gilded shame.

Or, "truth is great and must prevail,"  
(In course of providence)  
But fettered in the common jail  
Lies friendless innocence.

And Justice, 'tis a hollow cheat,  
A pettifogger's thrall;  
In either triumph or defeat,  
'Tis Justice grabs your all.

Of honor, what a dreadful dearth,  
Few souls it can but leaven;  
There is no honest soul on earth,  
And scarcely— one in Heaven.

Of lust, of crime, of want and greed  
Earth is the common womb;  
Of virtue, love, of kindly deed  
Earth is the common tomb.

## Three Bells.

'Tis often I hear while twilight is falling,  
The clang of the bell in the old school-house  
tower,  
Clear toned from the frost, its deep voice is  
calling  
Away from our sport to the school master's hour.  
Clang, clang, clang, sturdily clanging,  
While my heart swells to its happy refrain,  
Through the mantle that years around me is  
hanging  
I am living the days of my boyhood again.

Once more o'er my heart a vision is stealing,

A vision of beauty who stands by my side,

While bells overhead are merrily pealing

A promise of joy to my beautiful bride.

Ring, ring, ring, gleefully ringing:

Oh! fair is the day but fairer is she,

Bring garlands of roses and orange-blooms,  
singing

Good luck and long life to my bride and me.



Be still! 'tis the moan of the heart-bleeding  
    mourner,  
    Whose sorrow is echoed back from the night's  
    gloom,  
Repeating the tale, "here but a sojourner"  
    Man ever must yield to humanity's doom.  
    Toll, toll, toll, solemnly knelling:  
    Childhood and marriage are scarcely a breath,  
    With childhood and marriage is constantly  
    dwelling  
All ghastly and fearful omnipotent death.

## Our Book-keepers Reflections.

My son you must pay for your sinning,  
    However long your account may be run,  
It is well you should know ere beginning,  
    Just how you must pay for your fun.  
Though you are an expert and scholar,  
    No system that you can invent  
Can swindle him out of a dollar,  
    He collects to the uttermost cent.  
He is pitiless in his exactions  
    And calls like a thief in the night;  
No grace days are in his transactions,  
    His drafts must be paid upon sight.

As he knows what mold you are made in  
So he chooses his settlement day,  
When out of the stock that you trade in,  
There will be the devil to pay.  
Don't think it is easy to blind him,  
Or sometime, when he's not around,  
You can sneak on the ledger behind him  
An item that cannot be found;  
No matter how sly the proceeding  
That item he also will post,  
Then grins with delight at the reading  
And laughs at your satisfied boast.

In measure or weight, if you lack it,  
Your value he is sure to engross,  
For he's steadily on to your racket  
As his profit is always your loss.  
He cares not for written debentures,  
He holds by implacable law;  
Be cautious, then, in your adventures,  
Lest you feel the stern grip of his paw.  
Oh! he is the clerk of all ages,  
So alert that he'll force you to say—  
While trying to balance your pages;  
"Ah! there is the devil to pay."

You may think of endowing a college  
With profits you never may need;  
Well, do so, my son, with the knowledge  
That Satan won't credit your deed.  
No, charities can't make you level,  
No matter how large, the amount  
Won't balance your deal with the devil,  
For he carries no credit account;  
And however loud your profession,  
Or long the prayers you have made,  
Remember that every transgression  
Is a debt that will have to be paid.

So resolve as you may on relenting  
Your vices and follies when gray,  
Though an ocean you weep in repenting,  
There will be the devil to pay.  
Then at last, when you are a debtor  
On his book for each gratified whim—  
Each whim but a link in the fetter  
That bound you still closer to him—  
For all of the preaching since Moses  
Not a jot of his claim will he stay;  
At the door when the clearing house closes,  
There will be the devil to pay.

## Sleep.

Dearest mother, come, and bring  
Solace to life's carping cares,  
Hide me from its crafts and snares,  
All its pain and suffering.  
Lead me with thy fairy hand  
Far into the shadow land,  
Where enchanted fountains play,  
Far beyond dim star-eyed night  
Leagues away from molling day,  
I would have no other light  
Save the flash of fancy's ray.

So I wander careless, free,  
Over strangely flowered plains,  
Down through verdure bordered lanes,  
Charmed by sweet-toned minstrelsy.  
Golden palaces arise  
On my fascinated eyes  
Melt to mist and float away.  
Phantom forms flit to and fro,  
Valleys rise and mountains fall,  
Cities come and forests go,  
Shadows unto shadows call.



Age is youth, and so from age,  
Sleep turns backward many a page;  
See! above, a mountain peak  
Lifts its dim and hoary head,  
While from every rock and glen  
Soundless guns their volleys speak;  
From their graves the shattered dead  
Form heroic lines again;  
Down sinks the peak, Oh! it is  
Yawning wide a deep abyss,

And I, standing on its brink  
Fearless neither pause nor shrink,  
But with voiceless cry I leap  
Down a hillside washed and steep,  
Up into an apple tree,  
On its gnarled and fruitful limbs  
I would sit and pluck,—but see,  
Downward through the shallow lake  
How the little shiner swims  
Flashing by, as I would take  
Him into my eager hand.

Ah! his shining scales are prints  
In my dear old picture book,  
While the lake a rippling brook  
O'er a pebbled bottom glints;  
There I sit and deftly make  
Foot caves in the humid sand,  
While enchanted fountains play  
Still beyond the star-eyed night,  
Leagues away from moiling day  
Where there is no other light  
Save the flash of fancy's ray.

Youth is age; so sleep unrolls  
Still for me the unrevealed  
Gleams on hieroglyphic scrolls,  
While I read them all unsealed,  
Aspirations vague are piling  
Into noble granite towers,  
Fame, in trailing robes, all smiling  
Wreathes her laurel round my head  
Leads me to a banquet spread,

Deep within immortal bowers,  
    'Tis no spirit's whispered call,  
'Tis no phantom's occult thrall  
    Bids me turn; I look, and lo!  
There she stands—in radiant guise—  
    Clothed in everlasting youth,  
In her dear unfathomed eyes  
    Truth and love impassioned glow;  
Heart to heart as long ago  
    We were one in plighted truth.

So we down the forest aisle

    Watch the shapeless shadows stalk  
Side by side with cedars walk,

    While the bushes frisk and talk  
And the flowers nod and smile;

    Hark, we hear from unseen birds,  
Carols born of Paradise,

    Melodies and loving sighs,  
Greetings in unspoken words.

Take me then, Oh! mother mine,  
Touch me with caressing power,  
Often doth one touch of thine  
Heal the sorrows of an hour;  
Chiefest friend of mortals, thou  
Most delightful mystery,  
Thou—who givest bliss to me,  
Take me from the sordid now,  
Where enchanted fountains play  
Far beyond the star-eyed night  
Leave to me no other light  
Save the flash of fancy's ray.

## The Wakenda.

Streams may be longer and of fairer flow,  
Wider and deeper and of clearer head;  
But none there are where visions dimly grow  
Such as the twilight calls up from thy bed.  
Thy channel once a mighty river led  
Down to an ancient sea, with current slow,  
While from thy placid bosom horrid forms  
Lifted their scaly heads, or hid from storms  
Beneath thy waves. Yon sycamore doth fling  
His white arms to the night—a ghostly king,  
King of a long forgotten race,  
Who fought and sowed, who reaped, who  
built and dwelt  
Along thy banks; and on whose toil with grace  
The fair earth smiled. A race of men who felt  
As we—life's passions and its pangs; whose  
dream  
As ours, was that of empire and of power,  
Whose seat should be beside this stream;  
But have passed, as we shall pass, the hour  
In dust, where Time's unsparing hand hath led  
All empires to the house of nations dead.



## Sampson and Delilah.

Man is a mighty, mighty force  
On this round world of ours,  
Who can predict his future course,  
Or who compute his powers?  
Vast forces move at his command,  
Darkness before him flees,  
He takes the lightning in his hand  
And talks across the seas.

Fortells the weather—foul or fair,  
Marks course of winds and snows,  
Takes elements of earth and air,  
Their composition shows.  
He laughs at the grim mountain's height,  
Or rivers deep and wide;  
To bore through one is his delight  
Or span the other's tide.

He leaps a continent in play  
With thews of burnished steel,  
Up through the clouds he cleaves his way  
There guides his even keel.  
At one great bound far into space—  
Which has for him no bar—  
He springs, and reads a planet's face  
And fain would grasp a star.

And then, poor weakling that he is—  
Sad to relate of him—  
He cowers and whimpers, think of this!  
At some weak woman's whim.  
Around her dainty hand she winds  
This prince of powers' pride,  
With but a gossamer she binds  
This giant to her side.

She bids, and he straightway obeys,  
To churn or baby rock;  
Comes trembling home whene'er he stays  
Out after ten o'clock;  
Abjectly at her feet will bow,  
Nerveless beneath her ban,  
And tell the blackest lie, that how  
He had to see a man.

All that he has or is he'll plight  
With most transparent guile,  
Then call himself a lucky wight  
Can he but win a smile.  
Let her but give one tender fling  
Out of her loving eye,  
Then he'll do every foolish thing  
Except crawl off and die.

## Two Doctors.

Two doctors once in our town,  
Both bent on riches and renown,  
Hung out to view two glaring signs  
Whereon were traced some gilded lines,  
Suggestive of the mystic art  
Of healing every human smart.  
Soon after, from each office door  
These doctors, each began to pour  
A flood of scientific tracts,  
Of circulars and almanacs,  
Which told the country all around  
That each a remedy had found  
For every mortal ache or pain,  
Or cut or sore, or bruise or sprain;  
For ills within and ills without,  
From moody brain to wincing gout;  
From—well, to make the matter short,  
A medicine for every sort  
Of ills that men and beasts endure,  
Not only safe, but very sure.

The one it was a liniment,  
Concocting which the doctor spent  
Each day a fortune vast; indeed  
It took at least a week to read  
About his grand palatial store;  
About his ships that daily bore  
The precious herbs from foreign shore;  
About the millions he employed,  
And millions more who had enjoyed  
The privilege of being cured,  
Of all the aches they had endured,  
By just one bottle, which expense  
Was but a paltry fifty cents.  
The other was a famous salve  
Which had, as such most always have,  
A dreadful highfalutin' name—  
You never could pronounce the same,  
It was as though it made a grab  
At every dead and living gab.  
This also was a very sure,  
In fact the most unfailing cure

That ever Æsculapian plan  
Had vouchsafed unto ailing man.

Not only wealth, but art and brains,  
With persevering toil of years,  
With patience, prayers and even tears

Rewards at last his earnest pains;  
And from his cogitations wrought  
This height of scientific thought,  
This famous salve to drive all trace  
Of sickness from the human race.

Straightway, between these two arose  
The rivalry of common foes;

Each said the other was a cheat  
Who made his money by deceit;  
A humbug and a charlatan,  
And anything except a man.

At length to such a high degree  
Did reach this bitter rivalry,  
Two doctors did for once agree  
To advertize a certain day,

On which each would his skill display;  
When each would do his very best  
Before an audience to test,  
And let the public judge and see  
Who had the better remedy.

The day it came, and with it came  
A multitude of every name;  
Then before the assembled crowd,  
Amid hurrahs and plaudits loud,  
One doctor walked upon the stand  
With something borne in either hand.  
The audience saw, midst all the roar,  
A full grown dog he gently bore,  
While in the other hand was seen  
A brand new ax, all bright and keen.  
The doctor said: "When science makes  
"Experiments, she mostly takes  
"The reptile which you call a frog.  
"But I, approaching nearer man,  
"Have studied out a better plan,  
"So here, you see, I have a dog,

"And operating thus, you see

"A common feat of surgery."

Whack! went the ax; off dropped the tail

While the dog mourned a fearful wail.

Then as the crowd was all intent

The doc' applied some liniment,

And ere the dog had ceased to wail

In fact there grew another tail.

That congregation yelled and yelled.

The doctor's bosom heaved and swelled.

For this had been his lifelong aim,

The pinnacle of earthly fame;

He could not say what he desired

So made a bow and then retired.

The other doctor took the floor

And said: "My friends, you shouldn't roar

"Nor make all this unseemly noise;

"'Tis fit for not grown men, but boys,

"And please for once do not applaud

"What seems to me so plain a fraud;



"Now save your lungs and plaudits, too,  
"Until you see what I can do."

Then on the stand he deftly placed  
The tail that had but lately graced  
The dog which now had just begun  
With joy to wag another one.

"Now," said the doc', "don't think this tag  
"Was never more destined to wag,  
"For on this piece of flesh and bone  
"The power of science shall be shown.  
"Right here the proof you all shall have  
"How wonderful is this, my salve."

Then holding up the tail to view  
A little lump of salve applied  
And rubbed it in, and more beside,  
And while he rubbed there surely grew—  
As wildly grew that crowd's surprise,  
As wider grew their mouths and eyes,  
Till mouths and eyes all set agog,  
I'll swear—there grew another dog.

## Washington's Monument.

Along the hoary centuries march  
As Kingdoms rose and Empires fell  
Gray monolith and sculptured arch  
Their famous tales of granduer tell.

When dismal superstition led  
The world with wand and magic rod,  
And sacrificial altars bled  
With victims to a ruthless god;  
When thought was haled to stake and lock,  
While freedom was a rayless star;  
When faith was but a ghastly mock,  
And peace the sated sleep of war.  
When selfishness was law of right—  
And reason but the serf of sense,  
While science wandered through the night  
That darkened man's intelligence;  
When labor was the drudge of power  
That gave no respite in its years,  
But counted every weary hour  
In drops of mingled blood and tears.

So, misrule had no antidote,  
And men, with fear in all their lore,  
Submissive kissed the hand that smote  
And meekly blessed the chains they wore.

Oh! not with iron nor with stone  
Are laid the buttresses of fame,  
From mortal hand is not upgrown  
The arch that glorifies a name;  
I see a nobler monument,  
Deep buttressed in the souls of men,  
Its space spans a broad continent,  
Its apex lifts o'er mortal ken.

Where unaffrighted conscience stirs—  
    Beneath her tall cathedral spires—  
The fervent souls of worshippers  
    Around unfettered altar fires;  
Where lineage is shorn of might,  
    Nor rank, nor caste, nor titled clan,  
But over all are peace and right  
    To grace the brotherhood of man.  
Where genius is not forced to hide,  
    Nor fears the priestly bigots' frown,  
For every upward way is wide,  
    And honors perseverance crown.

In house, in factory and field,  
Along swift traffic's busy course  
The fairies of invention wield  
The marvels of their magic force,  
Where he who uses type and stick  
To voice a dauntless freeman's word,  
Or marks the harnessed lightning's click  
Are mightier than the monarch's sword.  
And man, the master of his toil,  
Sole lord of all his labors bring  
From forest, mine and teeming soil,  
Is soldier, citizen and king.

The best, the mightiest and the last,  
As kingdoms waste and empires fall,  
Above the ruins of the past  
It stands and overtops them all.  
While freedom with unchecked career  
Shall lead the waiting centuries on,  
A world renewed shall rise and cheer  
The deathless name of Washington.



## To Sybil.

That man has surely lived in vain  
Who has not felt a lover's pain,  
Nor breathed a lover's wistful sigh;  
And blank will be his life, indeed  
If he has never learned to heed—  
Nor felt his bare existence need  
The love-glance of a woman's eye.

Should earth become a sunless world,  
And moon be from its orbit hurled  
And all the stars should wane and die;  
There still would shine divinely bright—  
A purer, more enduring light,  
To cheer me through the long, long night—  
A love-glance from my Sybil's eye.

Could rivers run a million years,  
And fill the oceans full of tears,  
That hitherto had all been dry;  
Then each drop valued at its birth  
With all the treasures on this earth,  
Methinks no single drop were worth  
A tear drop from my Sybil's eye.

## Sybil Kissed Me.

Last night, to my heart's surprise

Sybil kissed me;

Love or Judas in her eyes,

Still she kissed me.

Time, you steal away my youth,

All my trust in woman's truth,

Yet, you thief, you cannot rob

Me of that one sweet heart throb,

Sybil kissed me.

Hope undone and passion fled,  
    Sybil kissed me,  
Faith and constancy long dead,  
    Sybil kissed me.

Ah! me, what a world of bliss  
Circles round a woman's kiss,  
Could I build anew on this,  
    Sybil kissed me.

Heart of mine could not regret  
    Sybil kissed me,  
Could not if it would forget  
    Sybil kissed me;  
All along life's troubled stream,  
As the memory of a dream,  
Still will flash this radiant gleam,  
    Sybil kissed me.

## Tomorrow.

To-morrow, to-morrow,  
Forever remain  
The balm for our sorrow,  
Our surcease of pain.

No woes dost thou bear,  
No grief laden tears,  
No burden of care,  
No want and no fears.

No heart broken sigh  
Is born on thy wing,  
No clouds in thy sky,  
No storms dost thou bring.

Thou laborer's ease,  
Thou sluggard's intent,  
Thou captive's release,  
Thou miser's content.

Thou fool's Paradise,  
Thou summit of fame,  
Thou ambition's prize,  
And grave of all shame.

The coquette's last flame,  
The fakir's last sham,  
The gambler's last game,  
The drunkard's last dram.

To the beggar, 'tis clothes,  
To the gold seeker, wealth,  
To the weary, repose,  
And the invalid health.

Thou triumph of truth  
And downfall of wrong;  
Thou day of all youth,  
Thou day of all song.

Mysterious day,  
Humanity's boon,  
Still flee thou away,  
Still beckon us on.

Yet, stay thou, tomorrow,  
Forever remain,  
A balm for our sorrow,  
Our surcease of pain.



## A Piece of Advice.

My daughter, let your speech be plain,  
And least of all unstrung  
With those false coins called slang, that stain  
Our good old Saxon tongue.

For slang does not your lips adorn,  
Though oft it may amuse;  
Though terse and cute, 'tis always born  
As reptiles in the sloughs.

As water, clear or muddy, flows  
From fountain like its kind,  
So language, dear, distinctly shows  
The index of your mind.

A quiet speech, low-voiced and clean,  
Will give you added grace;  
'Tis more than beauty's transient sheen,  
Or faultless form and face.

Don't imitate, with tongue or pen,  
The one who handles slime,  
And thinks to cleanse his fellowmen  
By pelting them with grime;

Could pulpit grossness antidote  
The crafty serpent's fang,  
A bishopric we ought to vote  
The gospeller of slang.

But seemly speech and courteous mode  
Will win a larger tide  
Of travel over any road,  
Or it be straight or wide.

Yes, daughter, I can quite forgive  
Your pinching shoes and stays,  
Even the shallow life you live  
In Madam Grundy's ways;

I can forgive your giddy airs,  
Your simpering, inane smile,  
And all your coquetries and snares  
That make a woman's wile,

Your wide hat, furbelow and frill,  
Your flounces and your bang;  
But hang me if I ever will  
Forgive your use of slang.

## George Sand.

From the rare mount of genius she surveyed  
The follies and the vices of her kind,  
And with the keen lance of a master mind  
She pierced them through and throuh, and well  
arrayed  
The subtle forces of her trenchant power,  
Against that tyranny which sought to bind  
In hateful thraldom the hearts best dower.  
The lyre of constant love she sweetly played,  
Then made of love the plaything of an hour.  
With vice she toyed as a familiar friend,  
While limning virtue as the greatest good,  
Priestess and victim! whom to comprehend  
Were better crowned in silence, as she stood  
In pride of mind and shame of womanhood.

## An Aspiration.

High above and all boundless before me,  
Rolls the universe throbbing with life,  
And how fiercely the longing comes o'er me  
To mix in its passionate strife.

For the guerdon that men have called glory,  
For the meed of endurable fame  
And to leave on my tomb the sweet story  
Of a noble imperishable name.

Who will show me the road I must travel,  
Or byways that I ought to shun,  
Oh! could I this tangle unravel  
None too soon were my efforts begun.

Could I loosen the toils that have bound me,  
And turn all that I am to account,  
Freely choose of the good all around me,  
Then strive for the top of the mount.

With voice from my soul ever crying,  
Like a bird that repines in its cage,  
With a spirit within me defying  
The powers that I long to engage.

I will break from the fetters that bind me,  
Give myself to the true and divine,  
Leave all that is sordid behind me  
And make this great universe mine.

## Day After Election.

For the word that the people hath spoken,  
Is the word that patriots obey,  
Whatever is builded or broken,  
Or rises or falls by the way.

Still the stars on our banner are voicing  
The story all time shall repeat;  
Of the union of victors, rejoicing  
With those who went down in defeat.

Ah! the musket may solve some equations,  
Some oppressed the sword may release,  
But the noblest triumph of nations  
Is the ballot-box triumph of peace.



## Brother Jonathan to Kansas City.

I know a maiden young but wise,  
    Enthroned upon a dozen hills;  
Whose realm, replete with enterprise,  
    A continent with wonder fills.  
More royal there is none, I ween,  
    Than she whose fame has reached the skies—  
My Midland Queen, my Midland Queen.

Her realm was once a desert wild,  
    In ages, too, not far remote,  
The savage home of the forest child,  
    The lair of fox and sly coyote.  
'Twas there, on hill and deep ravine  
    My gracious Lady looked and smiled,  
And thus became my Midland Queen.

Now here her castles grandly lift  
    Their beauties high in steel and stone;  
Nor famed Alladin's regal gift  
    The splendor of their wealth outshone,  
As from these hills and vales between  
    These marvels grew supremely swift,  
My Midland Queen, my Midland Queen.

And hark! from mart and thronging street  
    I hear her traffic's ceaseless hum;  
I see the stores of western wheat,  
    Of corn and cattle quickly come;  
And southern plains of cotton sheen  
    Their tribute pouring at thy feet,  
My Midland Queen, my Midland Queen.

Proud Empress of the fruitful West,  
Though great hath been thy enterprise  
Still deep within thy virgin breast  
Sleep greater possibilities—  
So great mankind hath never seen,  
To waken at thy high behest—  
My Midland Queen, my Midland Queen.

While gallant South and cultured East  
Shall willing own thy destiny;  
While welcome at thy royal feast  
The boundless North in fealty.  
There wilt thou bless in gracious mein,  
These gathered hosts that come to thee,  
My Midland Queen, my Midland Queen.

Let croakers carp, we need not fear;  
Let envy gnash her teeth and sigh.  
Their ruthless jibe and covert sneer  
We will not heed; but you and I  
Can wait, in confidence serene,  
Till time is ripe, then we shall hear  
Them yield thy claim, my Midland Queen.  
And why not? All around thy feet  
My fairest plains thy pleasure wait,  
While culture and refinement greet  
Earth's rarest gifts heaped at thy gate;  
And I the nations will convene  
To hear my children's tongues repeat  
The glory of my Midland Queen.

## The Gray Has Conquered Now.

Comrades, 'tis many years since ran

Our young blood hot and free,

Beside translucent Rapidan

And muddy Tennessee.

Long since war's whirlwind fiercely swept

O'er mountain, vale and plain,

Since, battle torn, we weary slept

'Mid dying and the slain;

Since cypress wilds and slopes of pine,  
With martial camps were white,  
Long since the distant foeman's line  
Gleamed dimly through the night.

Old comrades, life has changed since then,  
Since march, bivouac and fray  
When we were strong and buoyant men,  
And fought the gallant Gray.

To us the evil days have come,  
With age's hoary signs,  
And now Time beats a muffled drum  
Along our thinning lines;

That stern, old, unrelenting seer  
Writes round the soldier's brow,  
In solemn letters, year by year,  
"The Gray has conquered now."

The hero of the fiery blast,  
Of shell and leaden sleet,  
The first in deathful charge, and last  
To linger in retreat.

The slender boy who gaily ran  
Undaunted, to the fore,  
No less than he, the brawny man,  
Who brunt of battle bore;



On all of these, both file and rank,  
He steals his subtle way;  
Nor center deep nor solid flank  
His sly approach can stay.

His silent, but his sure advance  
No strategy can ward;  
He scorns the picket's vigilance  
And passes every guard.

He fears no rampart's shotted guns,  
No sentry's watchful tread;  
No lines of serried arms he shuns,  
To blanch the soldier's head.

But right and left and up and down,  
Around each comrade's brow,  
He writes on raven locks and brown:  
"The Gray has conquered now."

## My Comrade.

Come, comrades, away from chancel and knave,  
From statues that gleam through trimmed  
cedars' shade,  
From sculptures that shine and the granite  
decked grave,  
To the wild forest ways  
Where the wind softly plays  
A dirge o'er the turf where our comrade was laid.

Come away from this pomp and this vanity show,  
Let us kindle our fire in that pine-shadowed  
glen,  
And gather around its flickering glow;  
Let the volume of age  
Turn backward a page,  
While fancy shall make us all soldiers again.

Now hush, and I'll tell you his story to-night,—  
While the stars overhead all silently shine,  
Of the comrade, who girding his belt for the fight  
In the glint of the morn  
Now lies bloody and torn,  
'Neath the spot where he fell in the front of his line.

I have echoed his laugh when gayly he fared,  
    With a sympathized touch of his sorrow have  
        cried,  
His canteen, his knapsack and blanket have  
    shared,  
    Through sunshine and rain,  
    And wintry campaign  
I have marched at the touch of this mountain-  
    boy's side.

Remember him, yes, time can never dim  
    The halo that circles his common-place name,  
The sword and the plume were baubles to him,  
    And the epaulets bars,  
    Or the eagles and stars  
Were gloss, only gloss on a patriot's fame.

I recollect well when my ardor and will  
    From the bubbling fount of his courage partook,  
In the battery's front, on the high bastioned hill,  
    Where his hero lit face  
    Was a guidon to trace  
Through the smoke-laden air, where the fierce  
    battle shook.

By the colors we love my cavalier stood,  
    'Mid the saber's keen flash and the bayonet's  
        dart,  
There—I saw him go down in war's awful flood,  
    Then I took his last word,  
    As his pallid lips stirred  
With a message of love to the girl of his heart.

But the vision has passed, the morning has come,  
    Our fire has gone out and the embers are cold,  
We hearken no more to the reveille drum,  
    For the swift flying years,  
    With their joys and their tears  
Bear us on to the soldier asleep in his mold.

Yet, while organs intone and choristers wail,  
    While the half-masted banners in sympathy  
        wave,  
I would wander away to that pine-shadowed vale,  
    And with earth's choicest bloom  
    Would I garland his tomb,  
And drop but a tear on my comrade's lone grave.

## A Thanksgiving Idyl.

When summer with her genial face,  
And autumn with abundant grace,  
Reluctant turn from us away,  
And leave the world in sombre guise  
Of naked fields and dreary skies.

Then blest is he, thrice blessed then,  
Who, from the sordid cares of men,  
And nature's gloomy frowns can turn  
To find some hidden constant source,  
Whence flows content with even course,  
And fires of peace continual burn.

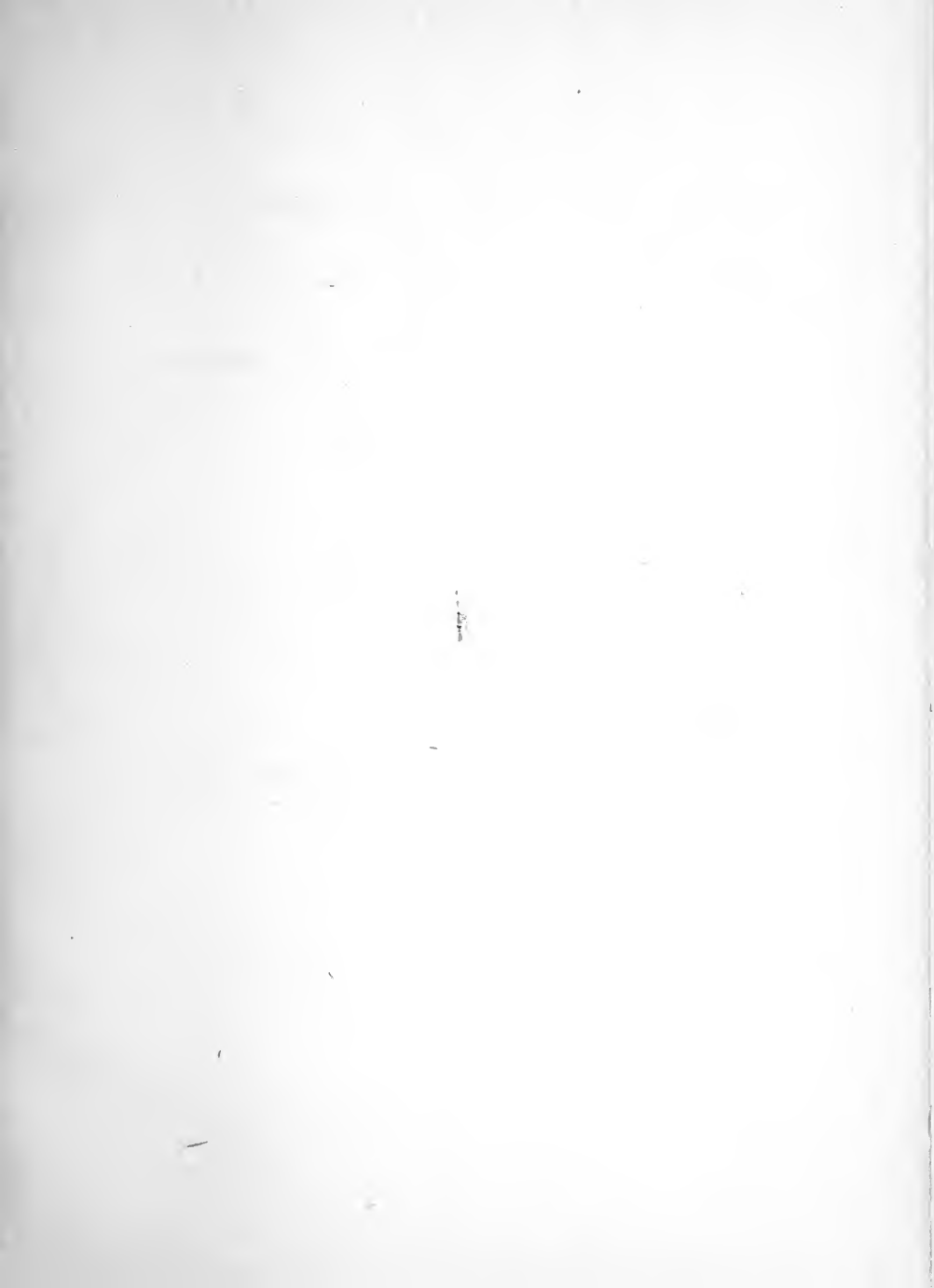
Or he, who, while kind nature smiled,  
By pleasant days was not beguiled  
To sleep and dream in fragrant bowers,  
But set himself with earnest heart  
To gather from her gifts in part,  
The means to cheer her dreary hours.

Oh! you who walk life's rougher ways,  
Foot-sore and hearts aweary,  
To whom life's but a misty maze,  
Whose skies are always dreary;  
Although your sun may scarcely shine,  
Your days be dark and murky,  
Although you may not richly dine,  
Nor eat Thanksgiving turkey,  
"Take heart of grace," do not forestall  
Whate'er may come tomorrow,  
For He who notes the sparrow's fall  
Heeds every human sorrow.  
And while your life with toil is fraught  
To eke a scanty living,  
From constant fortitude is wrought  
An earnest of Thanksgiving.

And you, who sheltered from the blast  
Of bleak and drear November,  
With "lines in pleasant places cast,"  
Less happy lots remember.  
When you your smoking boards have sought  
To eat Thanksgiving dinner,  
Amid your feasting give a thought  
To some less favored sinner.

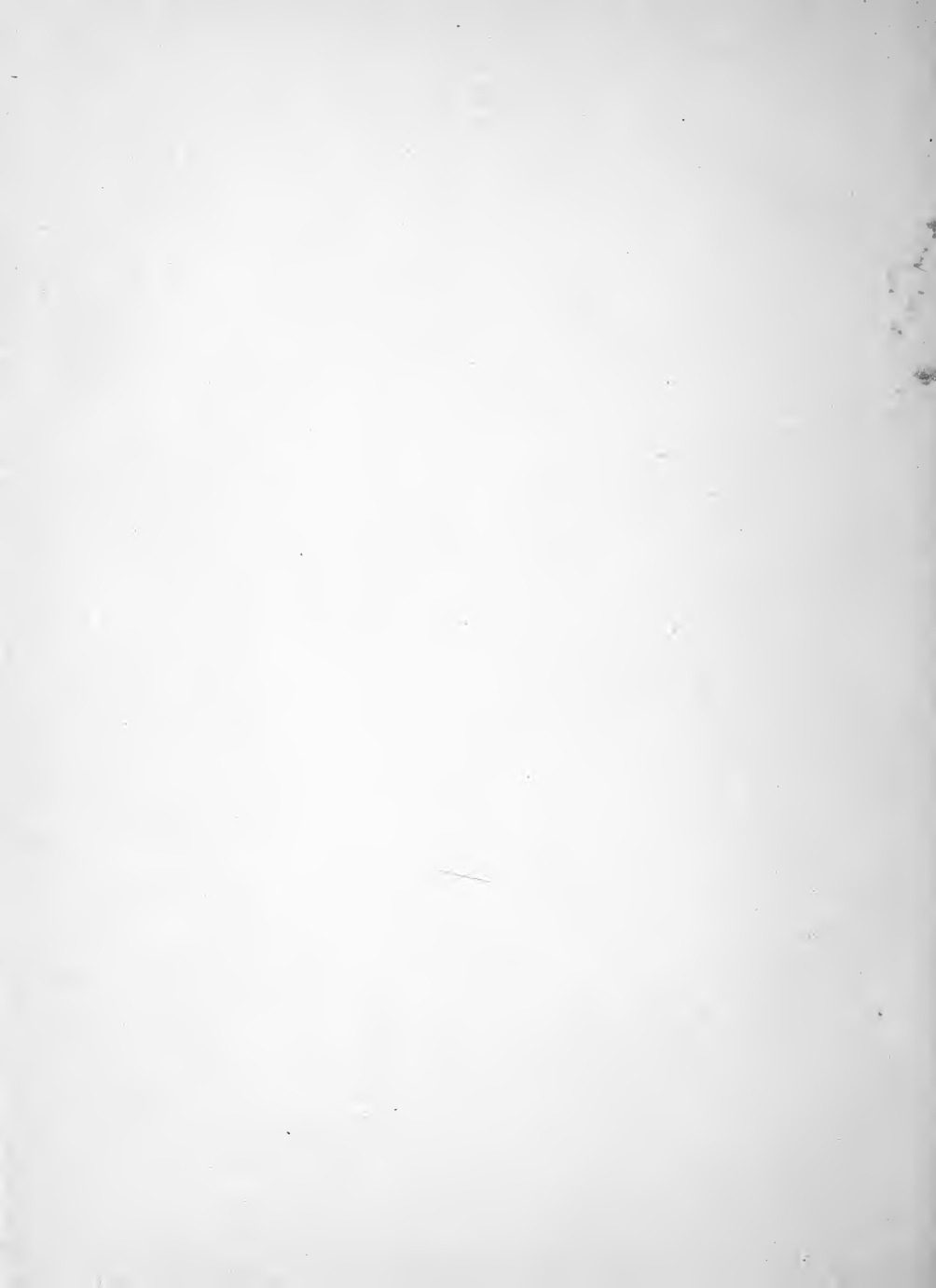
Remember, while you richly feed  
Where thanks profuse are given,  
To let one kind substantial deed  
Escort your thanks to heaven.  
A humane heart, a trust assured  
That life is well worth living,  
Earth's good well used, its ills endured  
Make life one long Thanksgiving.

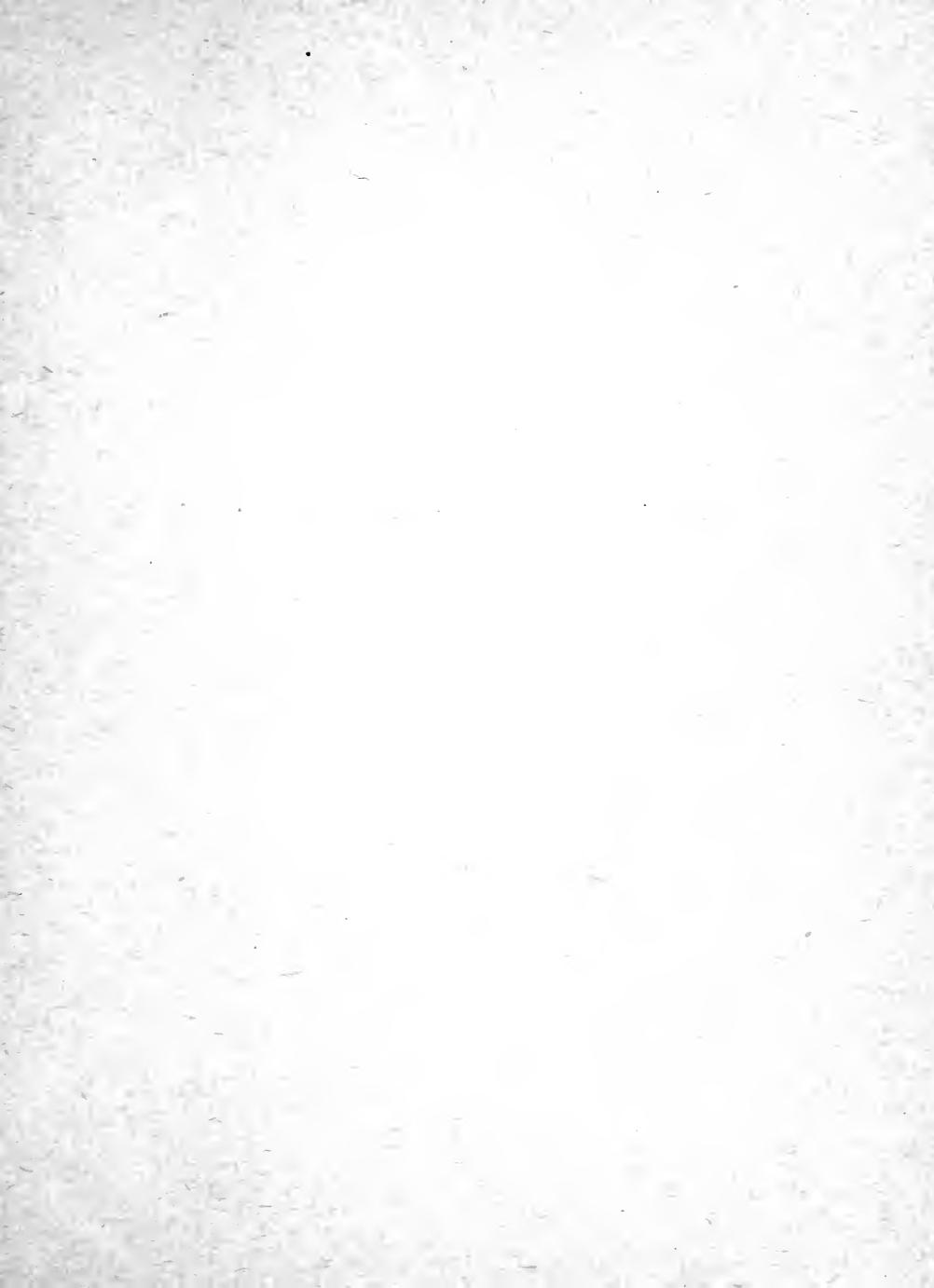


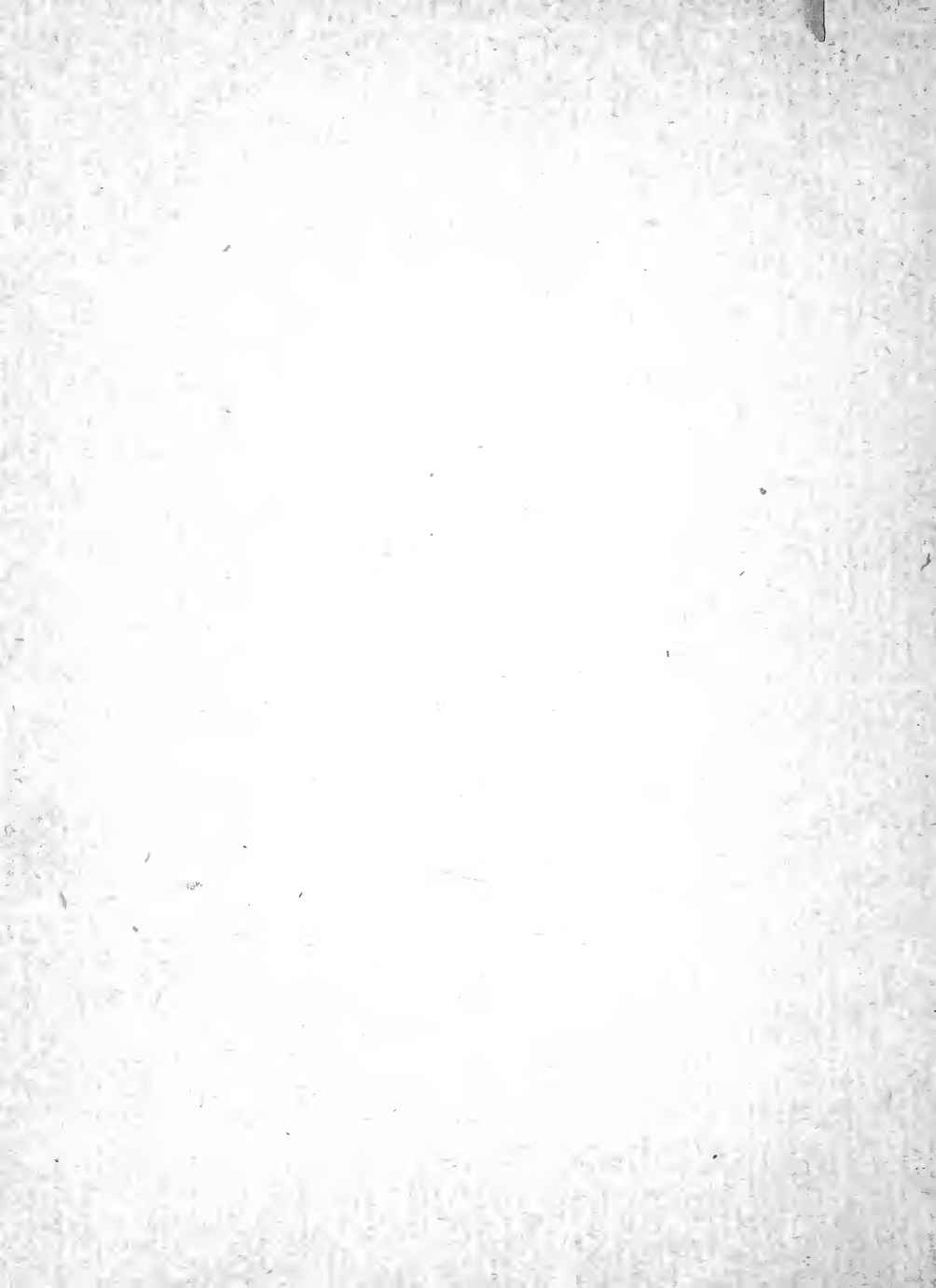














LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 909 082 6

